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A N
E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, &c.

EPISODE

To the Right Honorable

CHARLES LORD PALLISER

A N
E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

One of the LORDS JUSTICES

Appointed by His

M A J E S T Y.

By Mr. *P H I L I P S.*

*Ut Mater Juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans Maris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
Dulci distinet à domo;
Votis omnibus Hunc & precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet:
Sic desideriiis icta fidelibus
Quærit Patria Cæsarem.*

Hor.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's Head, over-
against Catherine-street in the Strand. 1714.

AN

EPISTE

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD JEFFREYS

One of the Lords Justices

of the Kingdom of Ireland

M A JEFFREYS

W M P HARRIS

Printed by J. G. Smith

at the Press of J. G. Smith

in the Strand, London

1774

TO THE

Printed for J. G. Smith

at the Press of J. G. Smith

A N

E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

*CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,**One of the LORDS JUSTICES appointed
by His MAJESTY.*

Patron of Verse, O *Halifax*, attend;
 The Muse's Favrite and the Poet's Friend!
 Approaching Joys my ravish'd Thoughts inspire:
 I feel the Transport; and my Soul's on Fire!

Again *Britannia* rears her awful Head:
 Her Fears, transplanted, to her Foes are fled.

B

Again

Again her Standard she displays to view;
And all its faded Lillies bloom anew.
Here beauteous *Liberty* salutes the Sight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her Fright:
Whilest here *Religion*, smiling to the Skies,
Her Thanks expresses with up-lifted Eyes.

But who advances next, with chearful Grace;
Joy in her Eye, and Plenty in her Face?
A Wheaten Garland does her Head adorn.
O *Property*! O Goddess, *English-born*!
Where hast thou been? How did the Wealthy mourn!
The Bankrupt Nation sigh'd for thy Return;
Doubtful for whom her spreading Funds were fill'd,
Her Fleets were freighted, and her Fields were till'd.

No longer now shall *France* and *Spain*, combin'd,
Strong in their golden *Indies*, awe Mankind.
Brave *Catalans*, who for your Freedom strive,
And in your shatter'd Bulwarks yet survive;
For you alone, worthy a better Fate,
O, may this happy Change not come too late!
Great in your Sufferings!----But, my Muse, forbear;
Nor damp the publick Gladness with a Tear.

The

The *Hero* has receiv'd their just Complaint,
 Grac'd with the Name of our fam'd Patron-Saint:
 Like Him, with Pleasure He foregoes His Rest;
 And longs, like Him, to succour the Distrest.
 Firm to His Friends; tenacious of His Word;
 As Justice calls, He draws or sheaths the Sword:
 Matur'd by Thought His Councils shall prevail;
 Nor shall His Promise to His People fail.

He comes, Desire of Nations! *England's* Boast!
 Already has He reach'd the *Belgian* Coast.
 Our great Deliverer comes! and with him brings
 A Progeny of late-succeeding Kings,
 Fated to triumph o'er *Britannia's* Foes
 In distant Years, and fix the World's Repose.

The floating Squadrons now approach the Shoar;
 Loft in the Sailors Shouts, the Canons roar.
 And now, behold, the Sovereign of the Main,
 High on the Deck, amidst His shining Train,
 Surveys the Subject Flood. An Eastern Gale
 Plays through the Shrowds, and swells in every Sail:
 Th' obsequious Waves His new Dominion own,
 And gently waft their Monarch to His Throne.

Now

Now the glad *Britons* hail their King to Land;
Hang on the Rocks, and blacken all the Strand.

But who the silent Extasie can show,
The Passions, that in nobler Bosoms glow?
Who can describe the godlike Patriot's Zeal?
Or who, my Lord, Your generous Joys reveal?
Ordain'd, once more, our Treasure to advance,
Retreive our Trade, and sink the Pride of *France*;
Once more the long-neglected Arts to raise,
And form each rising Genius for the Bays.

Accept the Present of a grateful Song;
This Prelude may provoke the learned Throng:
To *Cam* and *Isis*, shall the joyful News,
By me convey'd, awaken every Muse.
Even now the Vocal Tribe in Verse conspires;
And I already hear their sounding Lyres.
To them the mighty Labour I resign,
Give up the Theme, and quit the tuneful *Nine*.

So, when the Spring first smiles among the Trees,
And Blossoms open to the vernal Breeze;

The watchful Nightingale, with early Strains,
Summons the Warblers of the Woods and Plains:
But drops her Musick, when the Choir appear,
And listens to the Concert of the Year.

F I N I S.



CHARLES LORD HASTINGS

The watchful Nightingale, with early strain
summons the Warblers of the Woods and Plains
But drops her Melody when the Oriole appears
And listens to the Concert of the Yearn

F I N I S

